

## How Will I Make It?

Big L

Aiyo some people was born in heaven  
With a silver spoon in they mouth  
And had everything taken to them  
On a silver platter  
And never had to work hard for nothing  
Then there are some people  
Who was born in the opposite world, of those  
Was born heaven, which is called hell  
And had to work hard for everything they got  
And never had nothing taken to them  
And never will

I'm only at the age of ten  
And life already seems to me  
Like was heading to a dead end  
Cause my mom was smoking mad crack  
My pops went out for a fast snack  
And never brought his ass back  
Nobody knows how I feel  
It's quite I'll that I have to steal  
To fill my stomach with a nice meal  
Too ashamed to walk the streets  
Wearing the same cheap sneaks  
And dirty outfit for weeks  
Even my holidays got damaged  
Cause on christmas I aksed Santa  
For a father and a hot sandwich  
I just can't take it  
And everyday I aks myself  
How will I make it?

It seems like my life been cursed ever since I was a child  
And how will I make it?  
I won't, that's how  
I walk around with a frown I got no reason to smile  
And how will I make it?  
I won't, that's how  
Aiyo times is rough I had to grow up foul  
And how will I make it?  
I won't, that's how  
I always knew that I'll end up doing time on a L  
And how will I make it?  
I won't, that's how

Five years past by, now I'm on the age of fifteen  
No more fun and games, it's time to get cream  
Cause I'm about to burst, my life was cursed  
I went to church prayed everyday  
But everything still got worse  
Soon I ran in to a couple of guns  
Started stalking the streets late  
Robbing suckers for funds  
Now everyday I creep with the heat  
Ain't nothing sweet  
I rob for me, if I don't steal I don't eat  
Then I lost control and started going too far  
Robbed this brother named Umar

And got snatched by the blue car  
Where I grew up it was a living hell  
Then I started to realise  
I'm better off in a prison cell  
Now I can sleep, now I can eat  
Can't hit skinz but I wasn't hitting skinz  
While I was in the streets  
Aiyo I just can't take it  
And everyday I aks myself  
How will I make it?

Doing time was full of stress G  
All the fightings and stabbings  
And men finding men sexy  
One tried to test me didn't find it humorous  
Beat him with a pillowcase skilled with cans of tuna fish  
My time came to a cease  
I'm back on the streets again  
I hope I won't get snatched by the beast again  
But it's getting crazy hectic  
Cause I'm broke and up naked  
In cagitive jar cause of my jail record  
Before you know I was robbing them Saint Ducks  
Even started robbing homeless folks for their change cups  
My whole life was deserted  
Either I'ma go back to jail or get murdered  
But do I deserve it  
All I try to do was live the one life that I got  
But it seems that I can't get a fair shot  
I just can't take it  
And everyday I aks myself  
How will I make it?

Word up man it's real rough out here man  
In the ghetto all that remains for us is  
Wait for a better tomorrow  
But it gets no better it's only getting worse  
Word up